

Eng. Poetry vol 24.

EUBULUS Oxoniensis

DISCIPULIS SUIS.

BEING
AN IMITATION
OF THE
Celebrated QUI MIHI.

In Praise of DRUNKENNESS.

IN LATIN and ENGLISH.

To which is prefixed,
Some Account of the Author, and the Publication of this Work.



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PREFACE.



Any have been the Arts and Methods of Philosophers in all Ages, to insinuate their Precepts into the Minds of Men, and render 'em pleasing as well as useful: But (to borrow a Metaphor from the Physicians) no *Vehiele* of Knowledge has proved so successful as that of *Poetry*; there is in Numbers something which adorns the most tasteless Subjects and engages our Hearts to the study of Things, which, without such Ornaments we could never digest: Even the *Holy Scriptures* themselves (sublime as they are) receive in Many places no small advantage from

the *Poetical* Stile they are written in, and the sound of their Periods; and (if after that *sacred* Book, I may presume to mention such a *prophane* Author as *Lucretius*) it was, no doubt, this Consideration which induced *Him* to work his Philosophy into a Poem, and many great Men since to follow his Example; amongst the rest, give me leave to instance our celebrated *Lilly*, and his as celebrated Imitator *Eubulus* of *Oxford*; The *Propria quæ Maribus*--- *Quæ Genus*--- *As in presenti*--- and especially the *Qui mihi* of the former; and the present Attempt of the latter in Praise of Drunkenness will for ever remain living Testimonies of the Power of Metre and the Charms of Numbers.

Perhaps the Reader will expect some Account of *Eubulus*, with the same Fondness with which the Memoirs of all great Authors are received.

— All the Particulars of him which at present I can spare Time to mention, are as follows.

Eubulus

Eubulus is a painful and vigilant Minister of our most excellent, as by Law established, Church, and has for many years been a Tutor in a certain College in Oxford; He is a great Stickler against *Charity*, and *private Judgment*, and will damn you for an Heretick if you pretend to love your Neighbour as your self or to justify the Bishop of Bangor; But as great an Enemy as he is to *Liberty of Conscience*, no Man upon the Earth contends more for *Liberty of the Bottle*. He always sends for his Pupils about *Owl-Light* in an Evening, and reads his Lectures to 'em over a Pipe and a Tankard of **Double Coll.*--- vulgarly called *Wet Lectures*; by which means they soon grow as great Sots, and as good Churchmen as himself. Come, my Lads, says *Eubulus*, fill me every one a Bumper--- so; now here's an Health to the King, the true, rightful King, God's King (you understand me, Gentlemen) and Damnation to--- Hiccup---

* College Also call'd.

cup--- all his Enemies. I am credibly informed, that upon a certain glorious Day that happens about the *Summer Solstice*, they drunk and sung, and roar'd and damn'd so long, that *Eubulus* and two or three of his Disciple-Companions were found next Morning fast asleep upon a Dunghill in a most filthy Condition. Whether that be true or not, I cannot positively say; but I am now going to tell you a story (equally to the Honour of *Eubulus*) which I can warrant. As for Example:

Tom Guzzle came to the University a modest sober young Fellow; but falling under the Tuition of *Eubulus*, he soon grew such an immoderate Admirer of *State Beer* and the *Church*, that he seldom went to Bed upon his own Legs. *Eubulus* was excessively fond of so hopeful a Proficient in Orthodoxy and Computation, and was never easy when he was out of his sight. The Lesson he constantly rung in his Ears, was, what a Qualification it was for a Gentleman

to have a *strong Head*, and to be able to drink a *Company down*, how necessary it was at *Elections* and *Hunting-matches*; In short, *Tom* was so apt a Scholar and took his Learning so well, that he drunk and smoak'd all Day and all Night, and at last dyed a chearful and patient Martyr to the *Barrel*. The manner of his Death was thus:

Tom had been drinking all Day with his Tutor *Eubulus* and was carried to Bed about Eleven at Night; about Seven the next Morning he was found dead, stiff and cold, to the inexpressible sorrow of all his Acquaintance and especially *Eubulus*, who is inconsolable upon the loss of so valuable a young Man. It was among the Papers of the deceas'd, that I met with the following *didactical Poem*, which was written, it seems, by the foresaid *Eubulus* for the Instruction and Amusement of his Pupil *Tom*, as by the nature of it will easily appear: From hence *Tom* drew all those excellent Precepts which made him so soon a *Toper* and

and Companion and at last so glorious
 a Confessor in the Calendar of *Bacchus*.
 It is written in the *Bacchanalian* Stile and
 Manner of Thinking, and is not, in my
 Opinion, inferior to some other Pieces in
 this kind. How long *Eubulus* has com-
 menced Poet, I cannot certainly con-
 clude, but if this be his first attempt (as I
 believe it may) he may possibly in due
 time make a considerable Figure in the
 witty World and take his Place with his
 Brethren at *Button's*.

Fœcundi Calices quem non fecere disertum?





EUBULUS *Oxonienſis*

Discipulis ſuis.



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EUBULUS

Discipulis suis.



UI mihi Combibulus puer es, cupis at-

(que joci,

Huc ades ! Hæc manibus pocula fume

(tuis !

Mane tibi primo generosos accipe potus,

Vina dein', Bacchum sic venerare Deum.

Attamen inprimis facies sit rubra, meroq;

Sint madidæ Vestes, promptaq; Cervisia :

Dimidium fugiens, tibi cum Schola nostra pro-

(pinat,

Adfis, nec totum sit bibere ulla mora :

Me Præceptorem cum videris, ore salutem

Pota ; Combibulis ordine quisq; tuis :

Tu quoq; fac sedeas, quando tibi stare negatur

Amplius, & nisi sis solus, abire cave ;

Nam magis ut quisq; est potandi munere clarus,

Sic magis is clara sede locandus erit.

Pocula, Vina, Petum, numerosaq; fistula munda,

Symposiis semper sunt parata tuis.

Cumq; tuum bibere est, bibito, sed pocula plena ;

In Cyathis nec sit gutta relicta tuis.

Sed tua nec laceris sint vina aut defruta Condīs

Credita, quæ vivis impossuisse decet.

Sæpe propinato potumq; revolve Palato,

Cum sitias, nunc ex His bibe, nunc aliis.

Qui sitit & qui sæpe bibit mea sceptrā tenebit,

Dum raro sitiens rejiciendus erit.

Ergo attende vicem, noliq; omittere potum,

Ne Mens te accuset sobria desidia.

Oreq; sis cupido, quid enim tribuisse juvabit

Pocula, si tu avido non capis ore merum ?

Nil tam difficile est, quod non temulentia vincat;

Bacchare & parta est Gloria perpetua.

Nam veluti flores tellus nec semina profert,

Sæpe illam humescat ni pluvialis aqua ;

Sic Puer immenso Cerebruum ni flumine vini

Proluat, & tempus perdit & ingenium.

Estq; inter Socios lex nulla tenenda bibendi,

Ne nos offendat Noxia Sobrietas.

Incumbens Cyathis submissâ voce loquêris,

Posthæc cum fatur es, voce canorus eris

Et quoscunq; bibis Calices vertantur ad Unguem,

Singula & exhausto pocula redde mero.

Sed cave contingat bibituri brachia nullus,

Quod vino damnum non mediocre parit.

Si potum dederò, sic tu potare studebis,

Principis ut palmas & mereare Decus.

Non haustu celeri nimis aut culpabere tardo,

Nam Crapula est virtus quam tenuisse juvat.

Tu quoties potas altè potare memento,

Et veluti scopulos pocula parva fuge.

Porro

Porro Combibulis, quoties te cunq; rogabunt,

Præbibe, qui sitiunt ad mea vota trahe.

Qui potat sitienti homini, licet ipse sitiret,

Inde magis reliquis Ebrius esse queat.

Sed tu nec rigidos curabis, Amice, Catones,

Ingens sunt Baccho Dedecus ingenuo ;

Quorum tam frugi non est nec sobrius ullus,

Quem non potantem cætera turba probet.

Rectè Bacchandi si vis cognoscere leges,

Si potare scies fusiùs ore merum ;

Addifcas veterum facta immoderata Bibonum,

Et quos Authores ebria turba colit :

Nunc madido Cantu *Gallus* te invitât, ut intres

Anchora nunc liquidæ dat tibi signa spei ;

Quod magis invitât *Navis* potabile præbet

Aurum, dum *Delphin* dat mare Nectareum.

Hæc qui non novit vappa illi alimenta ministret

Nec sit ei majus sobrietate Decus.

unt, ut quos delectat (studio ebrietatis amandæ
 Posthabito) ficcis tempora conterere.
 in quibus est cordi manibus pedibusve bibentem
 Aut alio quovis sollicitare modo ;
 es, et alius, qui dum medium servasse superbit,
 Bacchandi insulso reprobet ore genus.
 s, et tam stricta sequi nolim vestigia Morum,
 t. Ne Socium offendas Combibulumq; tuum.
 on dabis aut perdes commutabisve liquorem,
 ex vino alterius commoda nulla feres.
 m, super & curas (irritamenta malorum)
 Mitte aliis, lætum nil nisi læta decent.
 tres, cutes, mensura, modus, Moderatio, Honestas,
 Sint procul a vobis sobrietasq; procul.
 ulla bibas penitus comedaſve ingrata Palato,
 um. Os tibi nempe cibi janua, porta meri.
 tret, mens crede nefas Baccho maledicta referre,
 otare aut liquido pocula parva Deo.

Deniq;

Deniq; fervabis Calices & pocula tutó,

Ex his ut quoties isq; redisq; bibas.

Effuge vel causas reddunt quæcunq; Modestum

Sic Baccho gratus, sic mihi charus eris.

Vale & Bibe.





OXFORD TUNNERS
A DVICE
TO ALL YOUR FELLOW
PUPILS.

THOU chief Companion of my Cup,
Come drink the sparkling Brimmer
And early quaff the gen'rous Wine,
Of all the Gods make *Bacchus* thine :
To him thy Vows and Homage pay,
At Noon, at Night, and Break of Day :
First o'er the jovial Glass each Morn,
With graceful Stain thy Robes adorn,

C

Thy

Thy rugged Cheeks let Pimples grace,
 And shew the Toper in thy Face;
 When e'er you pledge, half Glasses shun;
 And ne'er leave off 'till all is done;
 Propose, when first my Phiz you see,
 With awful Nod a Health to me;
 And then the same in order do
 To all your fellow Pupils top:
 Fall quick to work, ne'er stand or stare,
 Unless by chance you want a Chair;
 And then hold to't, 'till all are gone,
 And sit, until you sit alone:
 For always him I favour most,
 Who briskly has his Bumpers tost;
 My Maxim is, and still shall be,
 Advance in Drinking, then Degree:
 Let Quarts and Glasses to prepare
 Be always your important Care:

Tobacco, Stoppers, Pipes and all
 That we the Arms of *Bacchus* call:
 When 'tis your Turn, pray toss it up,
 And let no Reliques stain the Cup:
 Let * *Mortals* ne'er your Glass profane,
 A Race abhorr'd by God and Man;
 But *honest Fellows* quaff the Bowl,
 Design'd to chear the gen'rous Soul,
 Drink oft, and oft your Palate try,
 And scruple not when you are dry;
 A Curse on ev'ry coward Ass!
 That has no relish for his Glass;
 Who thirsts and drinks, and thirsts again,
 I take to be the Gentleman,
 Still with a leering Eye attend
 The Motion of your Right-hand Friend,

C 2

With

* *A Word used by Eubulus and his Pupils for sober
 Blockheads, that will not drink.*

With double Force the Game pursue,
 And bid all sober Thoughts adieu:
 Ne'er deign to flag, even here despise
 Dull Sloth (the Nursery of Vice.)
 Drink up with greedy Jaws you must,
 For Mirth decays without a Guff;
 Drunk'ness maintains a boundless sway,
 And thro' all Hardships finds a Way.
 It adds a lustre to the Name,
 And throws us headlong into Fame.
 As Fields produce no fragrant Flow'rs,
 Unless refresh'd by genial Show'rs;
 So without Moisture we decay;
 And Reason withers quite away.
 Topers are by no Laws confin'd,
 For sober Wretches first design'd.
 With silence take the ample Pull,
 But roar it out when you are full.

Each Brimmer, to the Bottom drain,

And suck, until you suck in vain.

Let no Man jog your lifted Arm,

Nor do the Glafs or Liquor harm.

What I prescribe send briskly down,

And stand with Vigour to the Gown;

Drink as you please, drink slow or fast:

But drink 'till you get drunk at last.

Plunge deep in the Palernian Spring,

A Shallow is a dang'rous thing;

Let not thy Neighbours stand a dry,

But labour for a Votary,

Who drinks and serves his Fellows best,

In toping shall outstrip the rest.

A F---t for all the Cynic Race,

To well-bred *Bacchus* a disgrace,

No rigid Dotard can there be

So blest in his Frugality,

But

But would above a flowing Cann,
Be reckon'd much the happier Man.
If you'd the drinking Art profess,
And learn to tittle to excess,
Turn ancient Soakers Annals o'er,
Whom still the boozing Clubs adore;
Make *Epicurus* your delight,
For he's the Drunkard's *Stag yrite*.
Here the gay * *Cock* calls in the Beaus,
To rant and revel 'till he crows:
The † *Anchor* there invites to tope,
And with the Drink infuses Hope.
The || *Ship* in Nectar dips her Sail,
The ** *Dolphin* floats in Floods of Ale.
Let them that wou'd comply with these,
Be ever damn'd to Dreags and Lees.

* † Several Alehouses in Oxford.

And slowly drag their tedious days

In cold Sobriety's Embrace.

There are, who hating *Bacchus*' Pow'rs,

With dry-mouth'd Niggards pass their Hours:

There are, who turbulent and vain,

With *Thracian* Rites the Cups profane;

And some in stinted Measures proud,

Treat with vile Scorn the raking Crowd;

But ne'er those Principles imbibe,

That sapless Moralists prescribe;

For they'll offend your Fellow-Sot,

And prove the Canker of the Pot:

To spill, or give, or barter here

Dilutes the Pleasures of the Beer.

Rob not thy Neighbour of his Turn,

Let *Topers* such vile Methods scorn;

Let others feel corroding Care,

And only Sots in Mirth have share;

Shun

Shun ev'ry sober Inclination,

Good Manners, Shame, and Moderation.

Put not your Palate out of taste,

But chuse a sweet and wholesome Feast.

Think that your Mouth's the common Gate,

By which you take your Drink and Meat.

Carouse it up in *Bacchus*' Name,

And ne'er the liquid God blaspheme;

Keep safe your Glass and Bottle too,

To drink when e'er you come or go.

Shun whatso'er to Virtue tends,

And I and *Bacchus* are your Friends.

Farewel, and take your Glass.

